

CHIT-CHAT AND CHUCKLES.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SUMMER GIRL.

What have you to remember?  
 What have I to forget?  
 Laughter, jests and trifling lilies  
 With doudrop wet.

Which of us was in earnest?  
 Which of us was in jest?  
 When the lilies breathing fragrance  
 Died slowly on our breast.

'There's nothing to remember,  
 'There's nothing to forget,  
 But laughter, jests and trifling  
 And yet- and yet- and yet.

*Boston Courier*

"The luckiest thing about the horseshoe over the door is that it doesn't drop on your head."

Why is Mrs. Pottor, as *Cleopatra*, like a London cockey? Because she is too free with the asp-inate.

The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour on it, the more it contracts.—*O. W. Holmes.*

A Doubtful Testimonial.—Mrs. Rougenoir (in stage whisper to strange lady): "Excuse me, but what hair dye do you use? I never saw any before that could not be detected."

Off Color.—Doctor: "Well, Giles, has my medicine done your wife any good?" Giles: "No, zur! I don't reckon it 'ave! I don't 'old wi' they *white* stuffs! Gi' me summat *black*, as *stinks*, I says!"

Judge (to police officer)—"Are you sure the prisoner was drunk?" Officer—"Is it dhrunk, yer honor? Shure if he ud sphoko through the tilphono the breath uv 'im ud av made the poles slagger."

Patrice—I envy a professional lady whistler. Benedict—Why, my dear? Beatrice—Because when she wants a new dress she only needs to whistle for it; but when I want one I have to whistle for it, because I can't get it.

KNOW WHAT HE WANTED.—Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Mrs. Cumso, tenderly, when her husband was suffering from seasickness. "What do you want?" "I want the earth," gasped Cumso, as he again leaned on the rail.

Angels' Re-quire-ments.—[Under the title of "A Choir of Angels," the *Daily Telegraph* advocates ladies as church choristers.] Our Rector: "Tut, tut, Miss Mundayne! What have you done to your surplice?" Miss Mundayne: "I thought it looked rather dowdy, sir; so I got my dressmaker to trim it a little."

A European savant says that life may be indefinitely prolonged by regularly drinking the juice of the lemon. And another European savant, who knows just as much—or as little—says that the surest way to shorten life is to drink lemon juice. Life would be a very plain and simple problem if it were not for the advice of the wise man.

"Come in here wid yez this minnit before yez spilo yer Fauntillery clothes," shouted the fond mother to her freckle-faced boy. "Yis, dearest." "'Ave yez been havin' a good toime widout yer mother?" "Yis, dearest." "And phwat av yez been doin'?" "Shtonin' Miss McGuilley's pig, dearest, and callin' rats to the po-lecco. But I wor always t'inkin' ov yez, and lovin' yez with all me heart."

"So," he said, in a broken voice, "you refuse to marry me."

"I do," she said, calmly and firmly.

"And I may not even hope?"

"Yes," she responded thoughtfully, "you may hope."

"And why," he asked with renewed fervor, "do you say I may hope?"

"Because," she rejoined softly, "this is a free country."

It is said that when Captain Cook discovered Australia he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession and sent sailors in a little boat to buy it of them. When it came on board he saw it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to enquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer; "I don't know," or in the Australian language, "Kan-ge-roo." The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of the curious animal is the "I don't know."

"If that's a tramp," said Mrs. Slick, "I don't want to see another around here again. Why he nin't got common manners, and that's a fact. He came abeggin' and atellin' me that he hadn't seen bread for a week, and I got all worked up to think of anyone bein' so hungry right here in Nova Scotia, and so I just bustled around to the pantry and brought him out a whole half loaf of good bread, and says he, 'Marm, I've heard say that half a loaf's better than no bread, and I reckon it's true.' Says I, 'just look here, I can't stand ungratitude, and if half a loaf's not enough you'll have to get more elsewhere, and now,' says I, 'just leave my house, and next time you're starvin' find a few manners afore acceptin' favors from folks as is strangers to you.' The fellow went off all crest-fallin' as if he was dazed like, and didn't know what he'd done, but I guess it'll be a lesson to him."

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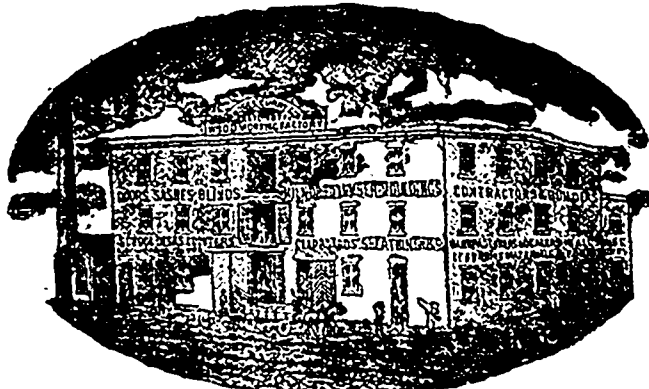
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